

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS.—Subscriptions for one year, \$2.50 in advance, or \$3.00 if paid at the end of six months. For six months, \$1.50 in advance. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

Letters, on business relative to Subscriptions and Advertisements, are to be addressed to J. ELLIOT, Junior, Printer and Publisher of the Native American; and all letters relative to the Literary and Political Departments, to be directed, postage paid, to H. J. BRENT, Editor.

Those subscribers for a year, who do not give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the end of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded, and it will accordingly be continued at the option of the publisher.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

From the Liverpool Times, August 1st.

THE FATAL DESCENT IN A PARACHUTE.

Yesterday afternoon week an immense number of persons assembled at Vauxhall Gardens, London, and the neighborhood, to witness an ascent of the Messrs. Green, in their great Nassau balloon, the interest excited by which was greatly heightened by an announcement that a Mr. Cocking would accompany them, and descend from the balloon at a considerable elevation, in a parachute of his own invention. We regret to say, that the experiment, which is the only one of the kind that has taken place in London for thirty years, has been attended with fatal results to the inventor. At twenty minutes to eight o'clock, every thing being in readiness, and the parachute attached to the car of the balloon, the ascent took place. Nothing could be more majestic. The weight and great extent of the parachute apparently rendered the motion of the balloon more steady than on any former descent, and the almost total absence of wind assisted in keeping the balloon in a perfect, perpendicular position. There was not the slightest oscillation; the balloon and parachute sailed through the air with a grandeur which exceeded anything of the kind ever before witnessed, and continued in sight for about ten minutes. It was expected by those in the gardens that Mr. Cocking would have descended so near Vauxhall as to afford them a view of his descent. This was not the case. He was lost in the clouds, and the company were for a length of time left to conjecture, but certainly not in any anticipation of the result of the experiment. A gentleman named Underwood followed on horseback. He was in the neighborhood of Blackheath when he saw (as he supposed) the Messrs. Green sever the cord which attached the parachute to their car. The parachute, thus left to itself, descended with the utmost rapidity, and swayed from side to side in the most fearful manner. Mr. Underwood immediately anticipated the worst. In a few seconds, the dreadful oscillations still continuing, the basket which contained the unfortunate aeronaut broke away from the parachute, and Mr. Cocking was precipitated to the earth from the height of several hundred feet. Mr. Underwood immediately spurred his horse, and arrived in a field near Lee, where several laborers had picked up the parachute. They would not believe that a man had fallen with it; but on Mr. Underwood's explanations, and an offer of five guineas to who ever should find the body of Mr. Cocking, they commenced a diligent search. After traversing four fields, they heard groans proceeding from a field called Burnt Ash, near Lee, and on going in that direction, they found the unfortunate Mr. Cocking literally dashed to pieces! and just as they were loosening his cravat, he breathed his last in their arms.

He was speedily conveyed to the Tiger's Head Inn, where four medical gentlemen attended. Their services were, however, needless. The unfortunate gentleman was quite dead. Mr. Green and his companion effected a safe landing near Maidstone, and arrived at the Tiger's Head, Lee Green, on Tuesday morning, by the Maidstone coach, and saw the body of Mr. Cocking. Mr. Green appeared to be very much affected. He describes the shock as being very great when Mr. Cocking severed the rope which connected the parachute and the car of the balloon, and they descended with frightful rapidity; indeed they had no opportunity, so great was their difficulty of breathing, of looking after or watching the descent of their ill-fated companion, but instantly applied for relief to their breathing apparatus; and it was not till the following morning, when on their way to London, that they heard of the death of the unfortunate gentleman, and the result of his rash experiment. Mr. Green says that he believes there is no fault to be found with the shape of the parachute, but its failure was owing to its being too frailly constructed.

Mr. Green has detailed the proceedings, from which detail we take the following extracts:

"In consequence of the sad and fatal catastrophe which has befallen the late Mr. Cocking, I feel myself called upon to communicate to the public the whole of the particulars of the ascent of the Vauxhall balloon, taking up with me Mr. Cocking in his parachute. The inflation was completed by five o'clock. In consequence of the great and unavoidable delay which was necessarily caused in affixing the two machines, the gas in the former became very considerably condensed, from a reduction of its temperature. It thereupon became a matter of compulsion to get rid of ballast.

Mr. F. Gye, every thing being in readiness, about twenty-five minutes to eight o'clock, gave the signal for the whole of the apparatus to be released from its trammels, and we instantly rose very steadily, taking an easterly course.

"Mr. Cocking had always desired that we should ascend to an elevation of 8,000 feet, about one mile and a quarter, at which height he proposed to detach himself from the balloon, and to commence his descent.

"Our inability to do this, as we were then situated, I communicated to Mr. Cocking, adding that, under the circumstances, it was impossible for us to rise any higher unless we were to throw the ballast in bags beyond the outer spread of his machine, a course of procedure which we considered to be attended with much danger to any person who might chance to be underneath; but that we would, if he wished it, make the experiment as soon as we had cleared the houses.

"As soon as we found that we had arrived over the fields, and presuming that no danger could arise from the falling of the ballast, we quickly began to relieve ourselves of that commodity. We continued to discharge ballast until we had lessened our quantity by 50 pounds, in addition to that already sent over. The balloon now began to rise, and soon entered a tier of clouds, when we lost sight of the earth.

"As soon as we had attained the height of 5,000 feet, I told him that it would be impossible for us to get up as high as he desired in sufficient time for him to descend by the light of day. Upon this Mr. Cocking said, 'Then I shall very soon leave you; but tell me whereabouts I am.' Mr. Spencer, who had a few moments before caught a glimpse of the earth, answered, 'We appear to be on a level with Greenwich.' Shortly afterwards Mr. Cocking said, 'Well, now I think I shall leave you.' I answered, 'I wish you a very good night, and a safe descent, if you are determined to make it and not to use the tackle.'

"At this instant, I desired Mr. Spencer to take fast hold of the ropes, and, like myself, to crouch down in the car. In consequence of being compelled to keep hold of the valve line, of course I had but one hand which was available for the purpose of safety. With that hand, fortunately, in the perilous situation into which we were speedily thrown, I was able to maintain my position.

"Scarcely were these words uttered before we felt a slight jerk upon the liberating iron, but quickly discovered from not changing our elevation, that Mr. Cocking had failed in his attempt to free himself. Another but more powerful jerk ensued, and in an instant the balloon shot upwards with the velocity of a sky rocket.

"The effect upon us at this moment is almost beyond description. The immense machine which suspended us between heaven and earth, while it appeared to be forced upwards with terrific violence and rapidly through unknown and untravelled regions, amidst the howlings of a fearful hurricane, rolled about as though revelling in a freedom for which it had long gradually risen, but of which until that moment there was his absolute ignorance. It was only to be saved, by his exertions, and the balloon rising and turning like a snake working its way with the astonishing rapidity towards a given object. During this frightful operation, the gas was rushing in torrents from the upper and lower valves, but more particularly from the latter, as the density of the atmosphere through which we were forcing our progress pressed so heavily at the top of the balloon as to admit of but a comparatively small escape by that aperture.

"At this juncture, had it not been for the application to our mouths of two pipes, leading into an air bag, with which we had furnished ourselves previous to starting, we must within a minute have been suffocated, and so, but by different means, have shared the melancholy fate of our friend.

"This bag was formed of silk, and sufficiently capacious to contain 100 gallons of atmospheric air. Prior to our ascent the bag was inflated, with the assistance of a pair of bellows, with fifty gallons of air, so allowing for any expansion which might be produced in the upper regions. Into one end of this bag were introduced two flexible tubes, and the moment we felt ourselves to be going up in the manner just described, Mr. Spencer, as well as myself, placed either of them in our mouths. By this simple contrivance we preserved ourselves from instant suffocation, a result which must have ensued from the apparently endless volume of gas with which the car was enveloped. The gas notwithstanding all our precautions, from the violence of its operation on the human frame almost immediately deprived us of sight; and we were both as far as our visionary powers were concerned, in a state of total darkness for between four and five minutes.

"As soon as we had partially regained the use of our eyes, and had somewhat recovered from the effects of the awful scene into which, from the circumstances, we had been plunged, our first attention was directed to the barometer. I soon discovered that my powers had not sufficiently returned to enable me to see the mercury, but Mr. Spencer found that it stood at 13-20, giving an elevation of 23,384 feet, or about four miles and a quarter.

"As I have stated, we were now rapidly on the descent, having got rid of all the unusual annoyances to which I have referred; and finding that we were proceeding downwards with the ordinary calmness and steadiness, although with much speed, we hastened to empty two tin vessels of water which we had taken up for the purpose, and to charge them with the atmospheric air through which we were then descending. Our desire was to effect this object at our greatest altitude; but from the circumstances which I have detailed, we were unable to accomplish that end; and when the vessels were filled, the mercury in the barometer had ascended to 17-59, or an elevation of 16,632 feet, about three miles.

"When we had accomplished this matter, finding our selves suffering severely from cold, we referred to the thermometer, which stood at 28, four degrees below the freezing point.

"We were at this period apparently about two miles and a half above a dense mountain of clouds, which presented the appearance of impenetrable masses of dark marble, whilst all around was shed the brilliant rays of the setting sun.

"Recollecting the late hour which we quitted Vauxhall, I now began to be anxious about the time; and, on applying to Mr. Spencer, ascertained that it wanted not more than a quarter to nine o'clock. I consequently became extremely anxious to make our way through the clouds as quickly as possible, which having done, we proceeded until we reached within some three hundred feet of the ground, when we found it requisite, from our inability to ascertain the nature of the ground, the whole country beneath us offering the appearance of thick woods, to cast out every article of ballast and moveable matters, even to ropes and empty ballast bags, in order to prevent us from coming in contact with what we supposed to be trees. After calling out for some time, and hanging out the grapnel, we heard voices in reply; and the parties speedily drew us to a safe place of landing, which proved to be close to the village of Offham, near Town Malling, seven miles west of Maidstone, and twenty-eight from London.

"The balloon was packed, and conveyed in a cart to Town Malling; where we were most hospitably treated and provided with beds by the Rev. Mr. Money, who, singular to relate, informed me that he is the son of Major Money, the aeronaut, who, on the 23d of July, ascended from Norwich, and fell into the sea, 20 miles off Lowestoff.

"At half past ten o'clock this morning we quitted Town Malling, and it was not until our arrival at Wrotham, at which place I inquired whether they heard where Mr. Cocking had descended, that I became acquainted with the unexpected and disastrous result of his experiment."

"On Wednesday evening an inquest was held on the body of Mr. Cocking, at the Tiger's Head, Lee, which, after several witnesses had been examined, was adjourned to Friday, when the jury returned the following verdict:

"We find that the deceased came to his death casually and by misfortune, in consequence of serious injuries which he received from a fall in a parachute of his own invention and contrivance, which was appended to a balloon; and we further find that the parachute as 'moving' towards his death, is dead, and forfeit to our sovereign lady the Queen."

From the New York Knickerbocker.

DESPERATION.

A TALE OF WOE AND WEAL.

A gentleman, whose word, like his penmanship, is straight up and down, and deserving of credit, has sent us the following Tale, which has about it a touch of the Germanic pencil. The discoverer of the narrative says he picked it up in Philadelphia, as he turned from Chestnut street into Ninth, near the University. It is evidently the work of some young student, who is merely auto-biographical. His adventures, which seem to be described in a letter, are not without parallel, and certainly without warning.

Editors Knickerbocker.

Thank Heaven, my dear George, I have arrived at home, after a fortnight's mad seizure at the Great Metropolis. How curiously insubstantial are the freaks of fortune! Three weeks ago, I could scarcely have met my tailor with a smile, or heard a friend propose an extra bottle of Sillery at dinner, without feeling in my bosom a void similar to that which reigned in my purse. But I am bravely over all these unpleasant sensations.

"Eugene Dallas," said Tom Edwards to me, as we sat at Parkinson's, on a mild afternoon in December, discussing a delicious punch, a la Roman. "I have just been reading an article in the Athenaeum, in a Washington paper, describing the society there—the beauty—the brilliancy—the life. It has made me sick of college and books, and the parties we meet here—where the music is but so-so—the ladies clashing—sometimes dull; and where the young men line the long halls of their entertainers from parlor to kitchen, in order to besiege the first invoice of champagne, unmindful of the fair, who, fatigued with moving in the dance, await with christian patience their allotment of ice-cream, oysters, and chicken-salad. I say, I begin to tire of these things. I should like to cut the town, 'clandestinely,' for a fortnight or so, and go to Washington. Would'n't you?"

The next day, we were warming our feet by the stove in the gentlemen's cabin of the steamboat, and

watching through the windows the receding shores of Chesapeake bay. With trunks hastily packed, a confused wardrobe, and only thirty dollars between us, we had entered upon this hair-brained frolic. A hurried letter to one of the Faculty announced that we should be absent a week or two, and the interference instantly transpired over town, that we had "gone gunning at each other,"—or in other words, to fight a duel.

Baltimore is an agreeable place. The approach to the city is picturesque; the Cathedral and the Washington Monument, rise magnificently to the view; the principal streets are elegant—the ladies, petite and pretty. We staid there two days, attended one splendid soiree, smelt the gas foot-lights at Holiday-street Theatre, and then—on, for Washington.

"The monumental city fades beautifully on the traveler's eye. The noble statue of the Saviour of his country, towers, a white and shining column, in the sky,—a pharos of liberty, sending the warm beams of patriotism into every American heart. Its tall form dwindled over the brown landscape, to a slender shaft against a gay host of clouds, as we rolled toward the capital.

How shall I describe the feelings which animate a young citizen of this great republic, as he approaches the place where the destinies of a confederacy of nations are controlled and guided! Throned on a lofty hill, he sees the domes of the capitol, colored by the sunbeams, and shining amid the striped and starry banners, that roll out, and rustle above them. A flood of historic associations pours upon his mind. He bethinks him of the surrounded perils of the past, and the unrecorded glory of the future, until his heart and his eyes are filled with emotion, and he rises with enthusiasm from his carriage-seat, and waving his hat on high, hurrahs for the land of the brave and the free!

Beyond the capitol lies the city, covering ground enough for half a dozen times its houses and inhabitants, yet no insubstantial emblem of the country itself,—large in plan, and rapidly fulfilling its scope, even beyond all original conjecture.

Drove to Gadsby's. Fine house. Good table d'hôte, excellent wines, and a talkative barber, who kills the English language, speaking daggers to it, at every breath. Went to the capitol. How proudly it rises at the end of the Pennsylvania Avenue! What views from its dome! The gay and winding Potomac,—the out-spread city,—Georgetown, Alexandria,—the gorge near Mount Vernon in the distance,—the solemn burial ground of Congress nearer at hand,—the vast doings below and within! It is a great place, Washington.

Tom Edwards had a senatorial uncle at Washington,—but I knew nobody, except a country member of the House from our District. The chances of admission into society, therefore, were good for him, but faint for me. The result of his relationship, was an almost immediate invitation for him, the next evening to a party at Sir *.'s,—the Foreign Minister. There was none for me; but my wild chum vowed that I should go, on his introduction, and I assented.

My first movement was to cast about for a *blanchisseuse*. This was easily arranged. But my dismay can better be conceived than described, when I found that I had left my best coat at home, and brought away a cloth one, of summer-green, somewhat marked by the careless positions of study. It had an unctuous collar, and buttons of disreputable antiquity, singularly rubbed by the finger of time. What was to be done! I observed from my window a tailor's sign, and thither, after night-fall, I hied. On the "board," like a Turk with his pipe and slippers, was seated an old Frenchman, the master of the premises. I produced my garment, and desired to know what the swindle would be for a new set of buttons, a professional renovation of the sleeves, and a banishment of the oil from the collar.

I told him the habit was an indifferent one, but that if he would make its amendment cost me only a trifle, he should receive all my future patronage, which I hinted would be pretty extensive. The enterprise of the gallic snip was awakened, and "promise-crammed," he said:

"You shall ax me tree dollar."

"Cheap enough," said I, feeling conscious of my ability for the outlay, with a present sufficiency besides, if Edwards made a fair division: "but mind, my friend, let the thing be nicely done; renew the youth of the garment, and let the buttons be yellow, flashy, and fashionable."

"Certainment Monsieur," replied the complaisant artisan, and I took my leave.

The brilliant apartments of Sir *.'s, never looked more brilliant, I am sure, than they did on the next evening after this economical colloquy. Tom bowed me in, but by what species of smuggling, I am unable to tell. At any rate, in I was, elbowing my trembling way through a glittering maze of beauty and fashion, humming with small talk, and shining in gorgeous apparel. Supposing Edwards at my side, I turned my head to address him. The fellow had gone. It was indispensable to seek him; and "all unknowing and unknown," I attempted an awkward retrogression for the purpose. At that instant, I saw him bowing to a splendid young creature of about sixteen; at the next, they were standing together in a cotillion. I edged my way thither, and gave him a supplicating look which said, "Do, my good fellow, introduce me to somebody." The mischievous wretch glanced at me, with an eye whose oblique winter I shall never forget. He cut me dead! He had a malicious smirk on his phiz, which expressed the meditated devilry that was working in his mind. My pride was roused, and I was determined to show him my independence of his protection. Fortunately, I saw close at hand, a young gentleman with whom I had formed a slight dinner-table acquaintance at Gadsby's. I am not ungentle: the blood of wounded pride was in my cheek,—its fire was in my eye; and as to dress, thanks to the felicitous metamorphosis of the old tailor, my coat was handsomer than ever. My other appointments were unexceptionable. I tied a good neckcloth,—my buttons shone lustroously, and my linen was fair as the brodered sails of Tyre. Never did I look more like a gallant, *comme il faut*. My mere presence at the party established a claim to my new friend's attention; so, stepping up to him, I bowed obsequiously, and said:

"Do you know that beautiful young lady, yonder, whom you are regarding with such devoted attention?" "No," said he, politely, "by Jove, I wish I did." I touched his arm, and insinuated a white lie in his ear. You shall know her. I can effect that for you. But first let me beg you to acquaint me with the lady to whom I saw you just now so courteous and cordial."

"Certainly," was the answer,—and it was done.

I flourished like a prince for the remainder of the evening; and through the diplomacy of my first fair partner in the dance, was enabled to perform my promise to my friend, being first introduced myself. The stratagem of that night could not be surpassed. I flirted with bevy of beauty,—and while walking in a general march through the rooms, with the gay daughters of two certain Secretaries in the Department, Tom Edwards passed me: "Huge," said he, (this was his abbreviation for Eugene,) "you are well supported, eh?" Army and Navy!

"Sir!" I replied, staring at him, "who are you?" "You are mistaken." Tom quailed away, looking daggers at me, which I forgot in a moment. The excitement of wine, the glitter of lights, the sweet guashes of music, thrilled through my nerves; while, amidst the rich odours of scented kid gloves and kerchiefs, "the rustling of silks and the creaking of shoes betrayed my fond heart to woman." It was an evening, to my apprehension, that might have been stolen, with all its dramatic persons of the opposite sex, fresh from Paradise.

As the visitors began to lessen, I saw afar the country member from our district. He was obviously out of his element. He moved like a bear among young chickens. His white cravat,—which was tied behind his neck, where the ends projected among his lank and tallowy locks,—awakened a doubt whether it was in use for ornament or strangulation. Had it been a thought tighter, that necessary vessel called the jug-

lar would have been a useless conduit. His face was like to the setting sun, in an Indian summer. He was making towards me, with his broad hands spread on his black tabby-velvet vest, his thumbs inserted in the arm holes—whereupon I decamped, for fear of an interview.

I took my breakfast the next day at five o'clock, p. m. In my room, I found a note to my address, in Tom's chirography. It discoursed to me thus:

DEAR HUGE,—

Gadsby's, 9 o'clock, A. M.

I am gone to spend a fortnight, in a Christmas festival, with some friends in Virginia. I enclose a regular division of our joint funds. I have spoken to my uncle about our hotel bills here, and he will fix them. It is all understood. You can stay a fortnight if you like,—though how you'll get back to Philadelphia, after that, the Lord only knows. Perhaps you may accomplish the transit without trouble: if so, I shall be, (as I was last night, when I thought I knew you,)—mistaken.

Yours,

Tom.

Here was a pretty business. He had enclosed me five dollars! In my perplexity, I was on the point of descending to book myself to Baltimore, when I remembered that I had received two verbal invitations to parties, early in the ensuing week, and one from my fair, first acquaintance of the preceding evening, to accompany her to church on the morrow, which was Sunday, and hear her favorite parson "bray canticles."

There was no alternative. I must stay a week—and stay I did. My five dwindled to three. I had glories times in society, but when I thought of my breeches pocket, my suspense was actually horrid. Could some stout pugilist have knocked me into the middle of the next month, I should have blessed the transportation. The future seemed a blank—and Philadelphia as inaccessible as Jerusalem.

"All settled, sir," said the barkeeper, as I asked him the amount of my bill. I forgave Tom on the instant. I had feared for a week that it would all be a trick, though I dared not ask.

"What is the fare to Baltimore, in a private carriage?"

"Five dollars, sir—but here is a barouche, about to leave with some passengers, in which you may have a seat for three."

I paid out the last cash of which I stood possessed, and seeing my trunk properly lashed, embarked. After taking a final look at the city, and the Capitol, as we rolled away from the metropolis, I was in an unbroken reverie till the domes and pillars of Baltimore rose again to view. We wheeled on, until by the increased rattling, I found we were on the city pavements.

"At what hotel shall I set you down, sir?" said the driver, touching his hat.

I was in a quandary—and so I answered his question by asking another.

"Do you know any quiet and fashionable, but retired hotel, near the centre of the town?"

"Oh yes, sir,"—and he deposited me accordingly.

I did not put my name on any book, but was shown directly to my room. It was a pleasant one, commanding a distant view of the Great Square and Battle Monument. Here I staid three days—eating my meals stealthily, and being out nearly all the time. On the afternoon of the third day, I resolved to disclose my condition—and to nerve myself for the effort, I ordered a dinner and wine in my room. I determined if a splendid repast, and sundry bottles of good wine, would screw my courage up, that it should arrive before bed time at a proper tension. I regret to say, when I had finished my dinner, and punished an unusual quantity of champagne, all alone, that I was, as Southey says of the sky, in Madoc,—

"Most darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!"

At eight o'clock in the evening, I retired to bed, after a lusty pull at the bell. The servant came.

"Ask the landlord to step up to my room, and bring his bill."

"He clattered down stairs, giggling—and shortly thereafter, his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for "the best his house afforded," and that, just then, was credit.

"How much do I owe you?" said I. He handed me the bill, with all the grace of polite expectancy.

"Let me see,—seventeen dollars. How very reasonable! But my dear sir, the most disagreeable part of this matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that, at present, I am out of money; but I know, by your philanthropic looks, that you will be satisfied, when I tell you that if I had it, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure. But you see, my not having the change by me, is the reason I can't do it; and I am sure you will let the matter stand, and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact; but in the place where I came from, all my acquaintances know me, as easy as can be."

The landlord turned all colors. "Where do you live, any how?"

"In Washington—I should say, in Philadelphia."

His eye flashed with angry disappointment. "I see how it is, Mister: my opinion is, that you are a black leg. You don't know where your home is. You begin it with Washington, and then drop it for Philadelphia. You must pay your bill."

"But I can't."

"Then I'll take your clothes—if I don't, blow me tight."

"Scoundrell!" said I, rising bolt upright: "Do it, if you dare!—do it!—and leave the rest to me!"

There were no more words. He arose—deliberately seized my hat, and my only inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that no two excitements can exist at the same time in one system. External circumstances drove away, almost immediately, the confusion of my brain.

I arose and looked out of the window. The snow was descending, as I drummed upon the pane. What was I to do. An unhappy wight, *sans collette*, in a strange city—no money, and slightly inebriated. A thought struck me. I had a large, full cloak, which, with all my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had spared. I dressed immediately—drew on my boots over my fair white drawers, not unlike small clothes—put on my cravat, vest, and coat—laid a travelling cap from my trunk jauntily over my forehead, and flinging my fine long mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by shining lamps in the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodgings, I entered, recorded some name on the books, and bespoke a bed. Every thing was fresh and neat—every servant attentive—all assured well. I kept myself closely cloaked—puffed a cigar, and retired to bed, to mature my plot.

"Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow," said I, in the morning, as he entered my room. "Mind the pantaloons—don't spill any thing from the pockets—there is money in both."

"I don't see no pantaloons."

"The Devil you don't. Where are they?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure: I don't know, so help me God."

"Go down, Sirrah, and tell your master to come up here immediately." The publican was with me in a moment.

I had arisen, and worked my face before the glass into a fawning look of passion. "Landlord!" exclaimed I, with a fierce gesture, "I have been robbed in your house—robbed sir, robbed! My pantaloons, and a purse, containing three fifty dollar notes, are gone. This is a pretty hotel! Is this the way that you fulfil the injunctions of scripture? I am a stranger, and I find myself taken in, with a vengeance. I will expose you at once, if I am not recompensed."

"Pray keep your temper," said the agitated publican. I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run: would you ruin its reputation for an accident? I will find out the villain who has robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garment. Your money shall be refunded. Do you not see that your anger is useless?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If those treasurers can be done to day, I shall be satisfied—for time is more precious to me than money. You may keep the others if you find them, and in exchange for the one hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, their contents are yours."

The next evening, with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and forty dollars in my purse, I called on my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars. He gave it with a lecture on collegiate desertion that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord by the first post, settled my other bill at Old Crusty's, the first publican, and got my trunk by mail. I have now a superfluity of thirty dollars; and when Tom Edwards returns, if I can find no other use for it, I will give it to him for the lesson he has taught me.

If this story has bored you, George, you must forgive it. It is pleasant to remember, being past, than it is to tell.

Cordially thine,

EUGENE DALLAS.

GEOGRAPHY OF TEXAS.—CONTINUED.

COLORADO COUNTY.

Boundaries.—The counties adjacent are, at the north Minn. at the east Austin, at the south Matagorda, at the west Jackson and Victoria.

The following are its boundaries, as defined by a conventional ordinance:

"Beginning at the crossing of the lower line of the Municipality of Austin, on the main Bernard; thence westerly on the line of Austin to the line of De Witt's county; thence northerly on the line of said colony to Buckner's creek; thence down said creek to the La Bahia road, thence easterly along said road to the middle ground between Mill creek and Cummins' creek; thence on said middle ground to the main fork of the San Bernard creek; thence down the said creek to the place of beginning."

Surface.—This country is level at the south and gently undulating at the north: a broad open prairie extends from the fringing woods of the Colorado to the bottoms of the San Bernard, and a similar prairie extends from the Colorado westerly to the woody fringe of the Navidad. These prairies, like most of the low country of Texas, are intersected by deep ravines worn by small streams through the deep bed of redish loam which extends many miles on each side of the Colorado. Towards the San Bernard these ravines are rather shallow, owing to the quantity of sand intermixed with the loam.

Soil and productions.—The soil is generally fertile; near the Colorado and Navidad it is excellent: consisting of a rich, black mould, resting upon a redish loam. These are frequently intermixed in ploughing, giving to the newly ploughed fields a chocolate color. The soil on the Bernard being sandy, is not so productive as that near the Colorado; it however yields good crops of corn, potatoes, and cotton.

Streams.—The Colorado is the only large river; it is a rapid stream of clear wholesome water, about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and ten or fifteen feet deep, flowing over a pebbly bed. Its banks are seldom overflowed; they rise generally fifteen or twenty feet above its surface, are quite steep, and appear to have been formed like the banks of the Nile, from the sediment deposited from the waters of numerous inundations. The San Bernard, Cummins' creek, Navidad, Buckner's creek, and Caney, are small streams of pure wholesome water.

Population.—Along the Colorado, Cummins' creek, Navidad, and Caney, are some fine settlements, the remainder of the country is nearly vacant.

Columbus, the county seat, is pleasantly situated on the west bank of the Colorado, upon a high bluff, forming part of a beautiful prairie surrounded by dense forests of live oak, cotton wood, &c. It is quite a small village, containing only about twenty houses.

Minerals.—The bed of the Colorado is paved with a large variety of siliceous minerals, among which are found agate, chalcedony, and a few singular petrifications.

Curiosities.—Numerous imperfect skeletons of an enormous size have been found imbedded in the banks of the Colorado, supposed to be bones of the Mammoth.

CIRCASSIA FROM THE BLACK SEA.

As our vessels glided slowly forward we distinctly saw the little cots of the Circassians, with their smoking chimneys, and farm yards surrounded by groves of fruit trees, appearing as if the very abodes of contentment and peace: shepherds in their picturesque costume, with long spears in their hands tending their flocks and herds; the agricultural fields were filled with men, women and children, cutting down the